


I am rather  
ashamed of my  
old fears: it  
is sunshine for  
snow - wintry  
wantonly.

Riverside

5 Mar 79

My dear friend

I ought to have  
written to you before now, but  
you know, or partly know,  
how I am pressed just now.  
The printer is on my heels,  
and treading down my old  
shoes. Still I now and then  
run forward or keep him  
back, and so have a little  
time for my friends. If I do  
anything but my book, it  
must be in a hurry, or at  
all events at speed; as I wrote  
the following song the morning  
before



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yesterday literally while I was  
putting on my cloaths: it was  
a lovely, lively Spring morning  
— our first almost, and it re-  
minded me how soon we shall  
an abundance of flowers. For-  
don me if I think it worth co-  
pying out.

### Roses

Winter's fled on icy wing  
Rattling, crackling as he goes!  
Enter lovely green-clad Spring  
With all flowers — and the Rose.  
The Rose, the Rose of all the green,  
Of all hues, but blue and green.

Who ever saw a Rose of blue?  
If you have — unhappy you!  
Who ever saw a Rose of green?  
I want no more than I have seen.  
I grateful thank kind heaven <sup>those</sup> for  
The Rose, the rose, the red, red Rose!

I have heard of Roses yellow:  
Marshal Niel is only callow;  
And we know the Austrian briar  
Is a bastard and a liar.  
To me the loveliest flower that blows  
Is our English red, red Rose.

Roses white I could name twenty —  
Maiden blushes more than plenty:  
White, we know, is not a colour:  
What than merely white is duller?  
I'll give you every one of those  
For an English red, red Rose!

I want a Rose so big to bury  
All my forecain, round & merry;  
Leaving dear drops on my cheeks  
I've not felt for weeks and weeks.  
Come, and smother my old nose,  
Lovely red sweet English Rose!

Pardon, pardon this  
piece of young-old egotism. Roses  
are coming: I watch the buds in  
my Daughter's garden.

I hope you are well &c.

Doing well.

It is a hard task for a man more than 90 to edit, or re-edit, a work in 3 vols, 4<sup>to</sup>. This morning, by chance I have no proofs from my Printer

My health is good and my spirits not bad, as you see by my Song. It is a pity that Roses are Arabians - I believe; but I am an insignificant old fellow: it may not be so. I cannot say with Bertram "In winter I no more desire a Rose" & I do desire them Winter & Summer.

Here is the Post with Proofs! - No: only some proofs that other people are as merry at 19 as I am, thank God! at 90.

Good bye and all success attend you.

J. Payne Collier